## **Definition Of Emotions by fairyshipped**

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Summary: Eleven trying to express her lovely feelings for Mike by

searching a dictionary.

## **Definition Of Emotions**

She circled the words from the book she had been studying. The yellow marker was slippery on the thin paper, resulting in a messy round figure.

The description of the word seemed to portray her emotions, which she couldn't distinguish. How would she manage to explain things she didn't know existed, or had no knowledge of?

The word had entered her ears plenty of times; while watching movies with the boys, or sometimes in conversations she overheard, usually between couples (she still wasn't sure of the meaning of this word either). Normally, she'd ask Mike about unknown words, but since the boys purchased her the book that laid in front of her, that's where she seeked for answers.

"This is a dictionary," Mike had told her after she unwrapped the neat cover that surrounded the book.

She had looked at him with a doubtful expression while at the same time she was questioning the weight of the object. She had opened a random page, where tiny characters appeared, confusing her mind, like the entirety of this world.

"Shit, we forgot she doesn't know how to read," Lucas had said and the boys had laughed awkwardly.

"We'll teach her then."

She waited the whole day for some alone time with Mike, which was like expecting the moment the morning would arrive in boring, sleepless nights.

The consequence of her heart being imposed and at the ready to shutter anytime, anywhere was burdened inside her chest.

They were currently located to Mike's basement, him mumbling about how much he loved the Star Wars movie trilogy, and how he wanted to watch them with her.

Her, she wasn't really listening, in fact, she was still pondering the definition she had read from earlier, working out the sentence she was about to deliver.

"And you know, when Darth Vader was k-"

"Mike," she cut him off, deciding it finally was time for her to express herself -for once- with words, which she really wasn't an expert to.

"Oh, I'm sorry, you're right, that's a spoiler," he scrtched his back with his right arm, while his eyes wandered around the room, like a flying mosquito that's being chased by clapping hands.

Spoiler? Eleven was about to ask its meaning, but she needed to commit herself into her recent task. Yet, she found another word to search.

They stared at each other for a few (everlasting) seconds, as awkward eye rolling and clumsy coughs filled the air.

"Mike?" they both got used to the silence between them, but breaking it wasn't too bad either.

"Yeah?"

She breathed in a prolonged respiration and prepared her lips to pronounce the words.

"I feel deep attachment to you..." she stood up, her legs trembling as she leaned down, a small lock of brown hair brushing her face, when she touched Mike's cheek with her soft lips.

Mike's cheeks were pleasantly warm, and now a shade of red was added to them. She glanced towards his eyes, and they both felt giggly and embarrassed.

## 2 days later

Mike was pacing around his (now Eleven's) room when he had come across the dictionary he and the boys had gifted her with. His name was written at the corner of the page, under a tiny word, encircled by yellow ink.

He grabbed the book and held it close enough for him to be able to read it.

His eyes widened, his heart paced up, and his mind finally realized the meaning of the scene that took place two days ago in his basement.

## love

noun

1)an intense feeling of deep affection, 2)a person or thing that one loves...

A smile shaped his lips, and an intense feeling of deep affection, that's always been buried inside his body.

"I love you too."